

the elevator by iridescentpetrichor

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M, thats.. mostly it, the whole story is just that tbh, yn has a panic attack

Language: English

Characters: Dustin Henderson, Erica Sinclair, Robin Buckley, Steve Harrington

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Summary:

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the elevator

In your two years of battling monsters and telepathic little girls, and other dimensions, you never knew you'd have to face evil Russians broadcasting a secret code across Hawkins, Indiana, with your little brother, your boyfriend, a girl from your highschool, and Lucas Sinclair's younger sister.

The five of you hesitantly approached the box in the middle of the room. You put your hand on Dustin's shoulder, not sure if you were trying to comfort him or yourself. Erica pulled an exacto-knife from her backpack, handing it off to Steve so he could cut open the box. Once he did, you all saw the top of a metal container. You didn't work at the mall, but it definitely didn't look like the usual inventory.

Steve reached forward, twisting the top. With a hiss of air, he pulled it off to reveal four smaller containers. From your angle, none of you could see the contents of them. Curiosity continued to rise between all of you, and you couldn't help leaning forward to try to get any sense of what was inside.

"That's definitely not Chinese food." Steve set the top of the container on top of another box, before reaching for one of the handles. "Uh, maybe you guys should, you know, stand back."

You moved back a couple of steps with Robin and Erica, silently trying to tell your brother to do the same.

"No." He said, not taking his eyes off the box. You looked up at Steve, shrugging helplessly.

"Just... Just step back, okay?"

"No."

"Step back-"

"No!"

“Seriously.”

“No!” Dustin repeated, finally getting Steve to stop and look at him. “If you die, I die.”

You rolled your eyes at how dramatic he was, trying to ignore the pit of anxiety growing in your stomach. It had been many months since any of you had to deal with fighting off demodogs, and the Hawkins Lab was shut down now, but the idea of secret Russians setting up shop in Hawkins made your heart drop.

Steve stared him down for a couple seconds, before shrugging. “okay.” He reached back into the box, twisting, and pulling one of the containers out. He held it up, and you stepped forward when you saw the unfamiliar green liquid encased in a glass cylinder. “What the hell?”

“What is that?” Robin asked.

Before anyone could even try to respond to her question, you all felt a rumbling around you. The entire room seemed to shift for a moment, effectively catching everyone’s attention. The pit in your stomach grew painfully, and you moved closer to your brother and boyfriend for some semblance of safety.

“Was that just me, or did the room move?” Dustin asked, glancing around before his eyes landed on you. You shook your head, indicating it was not, in fact, just him, and moved towards him some more.

“Booby traps.” Erica whispered, not at all helping your anxiety.

When a mechanical whirring noise started, you wrapped an arm around Dustin, exchanging fearful looks with Steve.

“You know what? Let’s just grab that and go.” Robin yanked the container of weird liquid out of Steve’s hand, and turned to the exit. Dustin immediately obeyed, turning around to press the “Open Door” button. After pressing a couple times, the door had yet to budge.

“Is it not opening?” You whispered, feeling Steve’s hand grab yours in a silent reassurance.

“Which one do I press, Erica?” He ignored you, continuing to press the buttons on the keypad.

“Just press the damn button, nerd.” She retorted.

“Which one? I’m pressing the button, okay?” Dustin said, raising his voice while he continued to press the button.

“Press open door.” Erica mimicked his tone, growing frustrated.

“I’m pressing open door!” Dustin yelled back.

Steve released your hand, frustration taking over. “Just open the—press the other button.”

Without Steve to ground you, you suddenly felt like you couldn’t breathe. Even if you wanted to stop the argument that was unfolding before you, you could barely find the words to calm your friends down.

“Guys, get out of the way so she can push the button—” Robin tried to talk the group down, but Steve had already shoved Dustin to the side to try it himself.

“Would you stop?” Steve urged Dustin.

“I’m trying.” He shot back, glancing at him for a moment before turning his attention back to the buttons.

“Would you let me just *do it*? Would you stop?” Steve continued to argue, smashing random buttons to see if any would work.

“Just open the door!” Robin started to yell as well; anxiety evident in her voice.

Another mechanical clang resounded through the room, effectively shutting everyone up. You were pressed up against one of the walls trying to calm yourself down. Being in an enclosed space seemed so much more terrifying than when you had to fight the demodogs. At least then you had space to run if something went awry.

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You buried your face in your knees, barely even able to process everyone else screaming as you fell to your presumed death. Your hands were shaking uncontrollably now, and you pulled them together in an attempt reduce the amount they were trembling.

“Shit! Shit!” Dustin screeched, pressing any buttons to try to reverse what was going on.

“We’re going down! We’re going down!” Steve yelled, gripping one of the boxes to stay steady.

“Yeah, no shit, Harrington!” Robin replied, holding on to one of the shelves for dear life.

“Why don’t these buttons work?!” Dustin’s voice was shrill as he continued slamming the buttons. You squeezed your eyes shut, praying that this was some insanely vivid nightmare.

“Press the button!” Erica’s voice reminded you that it wasn’t, and you hugged your knees tighter to your chest.

“What do you think I’m doing?!”

“Come on, press something!” Just press the button!” Steve interjected, waving his arms around in desperation.

“Push it!” Erica screamed, the two kids now slamming every button they could, to no avail.

Suddenly, the room came to a halt. Everyone – except you, considering you were already on the floor – fell to the ground.

Everything felt so unreal – which was something considering what you’d been through. You knew your friends were talking, but their words went in one ear and out the other. You kept your head down, trying to control your breathing, not taking notice of the hot tears

that were streaming down your face. It was the most helpless you'd ever felt – you couldn't even control your shaking body. When you tuned back into the conversation happening around you, you heard Dustin speak.

“-we're stuck in here.” Dustin muttered.

Great. You picked your head up, looking around the elevator for Steve. He was about a foot away, next to Robin at the buttons. While his presence calmed you slightly, you couldn't have felt more hopeless and scared. You were trapped in a room with no places to hide - unless you could fit behind a pile of small boxes - miles away from anyone that could help you, and you had no weapons. You were like sitting ducks for whatever Russians awaited on the other side of the door. With a glance towards Dustin and Erica, your heart sank even more. They could die down here; they're too young to be here. *Why* did you agree to bring Erica along? You hadn't even noticed Robin's gaze fixed on you. It was so hard to breathe, but no one else seemed to be having any issue with it, and why the *fuck* couldn't you stop shaking?

“Just so you nerds are aware,” Erica's voice felt distant, and you almost couldn't hear her over the sound of your own heartbeat. “I'm supposed to be spending the night at Tina's, and Tina always covers for me. But if I'm not home for Uncle Jack's party tomorrow and my mom finds out you four are responsible, she's gonna hunt you down, one by one, and slit your throat.”

Steve was practically shaking from frustration as he leaned forward on the boxes in front of him. “I don't care about Tina-”

“Steve.” Robin's voice was barely audible, but her eyes were trained on you, curling in on yourself.

“-Or Uncle Jack's party!”

“Steve.” Robin tried again, worry etched in her voice.

“Your mom's not gonna be able to find us if we're dead in a Russian elevator!”

“Steve!” Robin’s voice made him stop. He turned to her expectantly, but she didn’t take her eyes off you. He looked down, cursing under his breath before dropping to his knees in front of you in an instant.

“Y/N?” Steve’s voice was gentle, not bothering to turn around when Dustin continued talking about a way to climb out of there. “Hey, you okay?”

You shook your head, just slightly, keeping your eyes shut tight. When another tear rolled down your cheek, Steve’s hand instinctively shot up to wipe it away before he froze, inches away from your face.

“Can I touch you?” As soon as you nodded, he used his thumb to wipe the tear off your cheek. His hand fell, gently rubbing up and down your arm. “We’re gonna be okay, y’know.”

He shifted his position, sitting as he rubbed your back as you tried to gulp down air.

“When we get outta here, we’re gonna have so much ice cream, okay?” He joked, smile widening when he saw the shadow of a grin on your face. You nodded weakly, putting your head on his shoulder. Your breathing was still shaky, but you felt yourself calming down a little. “You know I’d never let anything happen to you right? *Or Dustin.*”

“We shouldn’t have brought the kids.” You respond quietly, without looking at him. The room is empty besides you, and fear crawled painfully back up your throat for a moment to realize it was because everyone climbed to the top of the elevator. “What if-“ you stopped, taking a breath. “What if we don’t make it out?”

“We will. We’ve dealt with worse.”

“We had Eleven. And weapons. And Erica and Robin don’t even know about-” Steve cupped your face with his hand, making you stop.

“It’s gonna be okay.”

You nodded, not entirely believing him. He continued to rub your back, placing a kiss on your forehead. While you weren’t fully calm, you tried to let yourself relax a little bit as Steve comforted you.

With the newfound silence you were able to catch your breath, and Steve did everything in his power to distract you from the current situation.

A couple minutes had gone by before you stopped shaking. "I'm okay." You whispered to Steve, who promptly helped you stand. "Well- okay as I'll ever be trapped in a Russian elevator."

Steve laughed, and you were glad to share a quiet moment with him. Little did you know, spending the night in a Russian elevator would be the best part of the next 24 hours.

Author's Note:

someone on my tumblr stole this fic lol
like it wasn't word for word but you could definitely
tell they read mine and just kinda went "I'm gonna
do that too haha"